

# THE VOLETTE

VOLUME 2

THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE JUNIOR COLLEGE, MARTIN, TENNESSEE, MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1930

NUMBER 8

## Spring Term For Teachers

U. of T. Junior College Spring Term  
For Teachers To Begin  
April 14

In response to an urgent demand by the people of the surrounding country The University of Tennessee Junior College has arranged to offer a number of courses lasting only six weeks for the benefit of teachers who cannot attend during the regular quarters. The management has selected those courses which they think are needed most in this section of the country. It is believed that the courses offered in school management and Educational Psychology are the most fundamental and most valuable to teachers actually in service, therefore, these stressed more than the other courses offered in planning the work. There will also be courses in English, History, Home Economics, and Horticulture, so there is really enough variety for most anybody to take what he wants.

Entrance requirements to the Spring Term for Teachers are the same as for any other quarter. They are as follows: an applicant must submit at least fifteen high school units of the proper high school subjects. Any person over twenty-one years of age may enter as a special student without presenting his High School units and receive full credit for the work done. This is a wonderful opportunity for those who can take advantage of it.

Expenses at the Junior College are very reasonable. Upon registration for the six weeks' term each person will be required to pay a Registration Fee of twelve dollars and a Library Fee of one dollar. Students from outside the state pay Registration Fee of seventeen dollars. If a room is desired in either of the dormitories it may be had for nine dollars. Board at the Dining Hall will cost twenty-seven dollars. Each person paying the above will be qualified to take courses

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## U. of T. Junior College Faculty Biographies

C. C. Cravens

Clarence Chambers Cravens was born at Gardner, Weakley County, Tennessee, on January 14, 1888. He was the oldest of five children of Joe and Gertrude Bondurant Cravens. He is of Irish, Scotch, English and French descent. He began school at the age of five. At the age of eight his family move to East Prairie, Missouri, but they soon returned to Tennessee. He finished high school at Fulton, Ky. He later entered Hall-Moody at seventeen years of age. At the age of eighteen he taught his first school at Rawls School, near Fulton, Tennessee. When he was twenty-one he received a great blow by the death of his father, mother, and eldest brother. Thus, he was left at the head of his family.

He was able to send his brother and two sisters to school, by teaching school at Zion, in Obion County.

(Continued on Page Three)

## U. of T. Junior College Gets Shrubs For Landscaping

Professor Keffer Plans and Supervises Work—Other Landscaping As Time Passes

In the near future the University of Tennessee Junior College campus will cease to consist of just buildings on a rather barren landscape, for shrubs of various kinds and combinations have been planted around the buildings. Professor Keffer, of Knoxville, who is said to be the best landscape architect in the South, has taken great pains to see that this work was done correctly. He directed the work personally from the driving of the first stake to the planting of the last shrub. The plants have been set only a few days and at present do not appeal very greatly to a person's artistic sense, but when they get started growing, we predict that things will look considerably better about the campus.

To carry out the above project the College invested five hundred dollars in nursery stock alone. The buildings benefiting from this purchase are the Science Building, Home Economics Building, Boys Dormitory, and Girls Dormitory. We are promised other landscaping as time passes and the College increases in size.

## Bob Elliott Junior Rotarian

First Student Selected to Visit Rotary Luncheon

To Mr. Bob Elliott, Sophomore of The University of Tennessee Junior College, came the distinction of being the first student selected to attend the Martin Rotary Club for Two Weeks.

The policy of inviting some student to become an honorary member of the Club for two weeks, and attend its meetings was recently adopted by the Club for the purpose of enabling the Rotarians to become acquainted with leading students, and of helping the students get the spirit of service that Rotary stands for.

## Athletic Notes

Baseball practice is now getting under way. There is much interest being shown in this Spring and Summer sport. There are some twenty or twenty-five candidates seeking a place on the college team. If all the candidates stick with the job and work hard we are expecting a nice operating team this season.

Baseball is not the only game in which interest is being expressed. The tennis courts have been put into condition and for the last few days some of our "clingers of the racket" have been reviving their skill. We hope to have a tennis team this year and have a few competitive games scheduled.

## Farewell!

Here lies the body of Jeff McTidd. He thought the tires on his car wouldn't skid.

THEY DID!

## "Clarence" Selected As Next Performance At Junior College

Booth Tarkington's Comedy To Be Presented At College Soon By Mask and Wig Club

The Mask and Wig Club of Little U. T. have selected "Clarence," by Booth Tarkington, as the play to be presented at the Club's Spring performance. The cast has been selected and rehearsals are now going on. It is fully expected that this play will surpass all others offered by the club.

Clarence deserves to take his place along with Penrod, at a famous character of one of the most popular of America's authors of today. The play is replete with clever saying and equally clever situations. A laugh a minute can be guaranteed to the audience.

## Letter of Praise for Weakley County Girl

One of Twelve Seniors To Attain Highest Rating in 1st Quarter

Weakley County Press,  
Martin, Tennessee.

Dear Mr. Whitcomb:

As Miss Elizabeth Callicott, of Martin, scribe of the Weakley County Club at the University, is never one to boast of her own achievements, we are taking this opportunity to tell you that Miss Callicott is one of twelve members of the senior class here to attain the highest scholastic rating in the University for the first quarter session.

On the honor roll for the first quarter, which has just been made public by the University Registrar, Miss Callicott's name appears with the rating of Summa Cum Laude, which means that her scholarship average in all subjects is between 95 and 100.

In addition to her high scholastic standing, Miss Callicott has justly earned a reputation for being earnest and conscientious in all the campus activities in which she takes part and represents the type of fine young womanhood of the state which the University is eager to welcome into its student body.

This letter is written entirely without Miss Callicott's knowledge but we felt that in view of her splendid record at the University she was entitled to this slight recognition.

With best wishes, we remain

Very truly yours,

UNIVERSITY NEWS BUREAU

By Fay Morgan,

Editor.

## For Sale at Auction

BOYS DORM—

9 Trigonometry Books Scrap Iron — Old Clothes 1 Bee Hive 1 Lot of Shrubbery 3 Alarm Clocks 1 Furnace, never been used.

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By (Alpin)

## Sophomore Class Wins Loving Cup

Intramural Contest Success—Good Crowd Attended and Enjoyed Program

The Sophomore class of the University of Tennessee Junior College won the Intramural Class Trophy donated by the Weakley County Press to the class winning the highest number of points in the various competitive events at the Annual Carnival held by the Physical Education Department. The scores are as follows:

Volley Ball (women) Sophomores 20; Freshmen, 7. Volley Ball (men) Sophomores, 10; Freshmen, 12; Basketball relay (women) Sophomores 3; Freshmen 3. Basketball relay (men) Sophomores, 6; Freshmen, 5. Needle relay (women) Sophomores, 5; Freshmen, 3. Wheelbarrow relay (men) Sophomores, 5; Freshmen, 3. Dress and undress relay (women) Sophomores, 3; Freshmen, 5. Dress and undress relay (men) Sophomores, 3; Freshmen, 5. Hopping race (women) Sophomores, 3; Freshmen, 5. Angie worm relay (men) Sophomores, 3; Freshmen 5. High dive (men) Sophomores, 4; Freshmen, 4. Boxing (lightweight; men) Sophomores, 5; Freshmen, 3. Boxing (heavyweight; men) Sophomores, 5; Freshmen, 3. Wrestling (men) Sophomores, 3; Freshmen, 5. Tug-of-war (women) Sophomores, 3; Freshmen, 5. Tug-of-war (men) Sophomores, 3; Freshmen, 5. Basketball (women) Sophomores, 0; Freshmen, 6. Basketball (men) Sophomores, 8; Freshmen, 0. Ticket sales Sophomores, 38; Freshmen, 28.

The cup was presented by Executive Officer, C. P. Claxton. Harold Forsythe, president of the Sophomore class, and Ethel Bond and Thomas Duscoe, Sophomore managers of the Carnival, received the cup.

If the Sophomores win again next year they retain the cup. This annual event is becoming one of great interest and class spirit.

## College Notes From Science Department

By Edward Schmidt

### DRY ICE

How often have you wished that your cold storage box could be filled with some refrigerant other than bulky ice; that it would no longer be necessary to empty the pan of water resulting from the melting ice; and that a substance could be obtained which would last longer than ice? Would you like to have your fresh meat and ice cream distributed by a truck which would no longer leave a trail of salt water on the pavement? And would you like to send some of your frozen delicacy to a friend in a distant city? All these are possible by the use of a new refrigerant called, "Dry Ice."

Dry Ice is used for the safe transportation of perishable food products, especially fresh meat and ice cream. It costs from five to ten cents a pound and is fifteen times as efficient as water-ice. A carload of fresh fish

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## THE VOLETTE

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MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1930

## Smile A While

"Boy, your overcoat is rather loud."  
"Not when I put a muffler on."

—T—

Mr. Kennedy: "Don't you want to be the kind of a girl that people look up to?"

Ruth Mary: "No, I want to be the kind of a girl that people look around at."

—T—

Carthal Brann: "Do you know what Apollo's girl is called?"

David W. Harris: "No, what?"

Carthal: "Streamline."

David: "Why's that?"

Carthal: "Cause she doesn't offer much resistance."

—T—

Lois McMackin: "I'd like to try on that dress in the window."

Joe White: "Sorry Miss, that's a lamp shade."

—T—

Adelha: "What can I do to avoid calling hair?"

Duscoe: "Jump out of the way."

—T—

Armentrout: "Would you object to a little kissing?"

Nell: "You know, Fred, that's something I've never done."

Armentrout: "What, kissed?"

Nell: "No, objected."

Tom Layman: "The trouble about the new long skirts is that you can't tell whether the girl is bow legged or not."

—T—

Alphon: "Everytime I kiss you it makes me a better man."

Mildred: "Well, don't try to get to Heaven in one night."

—T—

Pritchett: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Flora: "Yes, big boy, but you think Spring is here everytime you get into a warm room."

—T—

Here we would put in a joke about Frank Taylor and his girl, but to get the right one, I'm afraid if we put one in, by the time this went to press, it would be stale.

"Now, the old oil can is in the cellar."

"Son, don't speak so disrespectful of your father."

—T—

Chicago here today and gun to-morrow.

—Howard—

—T—

We're saving this space for that joke which just slipped our mind.

—T—

Ruth Mary and Joe Lewis.

—T—

A Scotchman refused to put fire escapes in his building because it was leap year.

—U of Penn.—

—T—

"I want some tires."

"Balloon tires?"

"No, automobile tires."

—T—

Mr. Claxton: "Third floor."

Elevator man: "Here you are, son."

Mr. Claxton: "I am not your son."

E. M.: "Well, I brought you up didn't I?"

—Intermediate Weekly.—

—T—

The shades of night were falling fast, The scene was most appalling;

For Ethel couldn't go to bed, Because the shades had fallen.

—T—

Lefty: "How much are your rooms?"

Mrs. Brann: "\$5.00 up to twelve."

Lefty: "How much for one all nite?"

—T—

Reddick: "May I call you 'Revenge'?"

Maribelle: "Why?"

Reddick: "Because 'revenge is sweet'."

Maribelle: "Sure, if you'll let me call you 'vengeance'."

Reddick: "Why?"

Maribelle: "'Cause 'vengeance is mine'."

—T—

Joe McGaugh: "If you keep looking at me like that, I'm going to kiss you."

Effie: "Well, I can't hold this expression much longer."

—T—

Sam Moffit: "Box office? Two tickets, please."

Voice: "What date?"

Sam: "None of your business, I'll take what girl I please."

—T—

Bitsy: "Why so tired?"

White: "I walked a mile for this camel I thought the guy never would throw it away."

—T—

Talitha: "Since you have broken your engagement to Howard because your feeling towards him aren't the same, why do you keep his ring?"

Polly: "Because my feelings toward the ring are the same as ever."

—T—

Reddick (after graduation from U. T. J. C.): "What would you advise me to read after graduation?"

Dr. Powell: "The Help Wanted column."

—T—

LOST Ruth Morgan's voice—If found please return to Henry Carter.

—T—

Stout: "I don't see how you tell those twins apart."

Frank Adair: "That's easy—always blushes when we meet."

—T—

Percy: "I know a place where women don't wear anything except a string of beads once in a while."

"Little Willie": "Holy gee, where?"

Percy: "Around their necks, stupid."

—T—

Dr. Kulp: "I'll give you one day to and in that paper."

"Curly Locks" or "Eugene" (better known as "Orphan"): "Alright, how about the Fourth of July."

Coach has hired a Hula-Hula artist to aid the boys practice tackling next fall.

—T—

Lashlee: "How did you get your face scratched?"

Joe L.: "Jumping."

Lashlee: "What?"

Joe L.: "Yes, jumping at conclusions on the date I had last night."

—T—

Jimmie Wilson: (lying drunk on sidewalk) "I'll climb this wall if it takes me all nite."

—T—

## This Is What We Dream About

Last night as I lay dreaming, there appeared to me a vision; a vision of beauty and harmony. This vision has imprinted itself so indelibly on my memory that I feel that others should enjoy it also. The following lines will be a humble attempt to portray the vision:

Scene: Dean Claxton's Office.

Time: One Night after Second Quarter Examinations.

Characters: Faculty of U. T. J. C. College

ACT I (and only)

Prof. Claxton arises amid general hub-dub and scene of disorder.

Prof. Claxton (pounding viciously on table with clenched fist): "Will the meeting please come to order?"

The general commotion continues, however, until Prof. C. yanks referee's whistle from his pocket and exhausts the contents of his lungs into it. Quietness ensues.

Prof. C.: "Very well, I note the absence of two or three of our fellow teachers." He turns to Ruth Morgan, "Ruth, will you go over to the girls' dormitory and fetch Dr. Schmidt?"

"And now we will begin the meeting. In the first place, I would like to know if anyone passed your Trigonometry exam, Mr. Wood?"

Mr. Woods stops chewing his gum long enough to answer, "Not on your life; but I had to make allowances."

Mr. Claxton: "Good!"

A sudden loud noise is heard outside and Mr. Powell, in his usual hurry, runs in his breath coming in little short pants. "My dear fellow instructors, excuse my unseemingly antics, but I have run three blocks to keep a bull-dog from the lower part of my new three-piece suit."

Mr. Claxton: "So you almost met wit' an accident?"

Mr. Powell: "An accident! The infernal canine did it on purpose."

Numerous titters are heard from the female section, but these quickly disappeared as a result of an ominous expression on Mr. Powell's face.

Mr. Claxton: "Are there any ques—" He is interrupted by the sound of foot-steps and muffled voice coming from the stairs. Several "the-uh's" are heard and Dr. Schmidt is ushered in by Miss Morgan.

Prof. Claxton: "Can't you arrange your schedule so that it does not interfere with faculty meetings?"

Dr. Schmidt: "It's this way, Clack. Any night will do, but let's take Tuesday night for instance. Now, supper is over by 5:40 isn't it? Isn't it? Say so then. Some of the girls want me to explain to them, say—the theory of Antediseestablishmentarianism, which, by the way, is a very beautiful theory, proposed by Catherine de Medici in 150 B. C. Well-uh, I go over and explains this. Then I get up to go, but they insist on a game of bridge. Then somebody borrows my watch and sets it back. I was getting ready to come when you sent for me, the uh—"

Prof. Claxton: "Don't let it happen again until next time. I have here a

letter which I am about to send to Knoxville requesting them to send someone down to straighten out the schedule. Are there any suggestions?"

Dr. Schmidt: "It will take more than one."

Prof. C.: "Thank you. What is today?"

Prof. Woods: "Just a moment." He gets out his slide-rule. "Today is March 4."

Dr. Schmidt: "If it don't rain."

Prof. C.: "Are there any announcements?"

Silence reigns supreme.

Prof. C.: "Before we adjourn, I have a little matter to bring up. There is some objection among the students to the number of vague and obscure terms. Let me give you my idea on the subject:

"In promulgating your estoteric cogitations or in articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversation possess clarified conciseness, compacted comprehensiveness, convalescent consistency, and concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations, flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and assine affectations. Let your extemporaneous decantations and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility without rhodomontade and tharsonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, and ventriloquial verbosity. And above all, shun double entendre and prurient jocosity, whether obscure or apparent. That will be all."

But everyone had lapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

## Farm Notes

During the past week the College farm has shipped three car loads of produce. Two of these cars consisted of forty-five head of beef steers, that had been on feed since last October. The third car of produce was sweet potatoes.

—T—

The northern part of the farm near the railroad is being tiled. About thirty acres of bottom land on this part of the farm is being drained by this method, under the direction of C. D. Reeder.

—T—

The pastures and meadows have just been re-seeded with clover and grass, using a mixture of sweet clover, alfalfa, alsike clover, orchard grass and red top grass. The Campus will be seeded in a few days to white clover and blue grass. Fifty acres of wilt resistant red clover has been sown from seed grown on the local farm.

—T—

The time for repairing and building fences has come. The hands on the University farm are doing their share of this kind of labor. Five hundred rods of all No. Nine American wire fence with steel posts is under construction.

—T—

## Pathetic Figures

The entire Freshman Class.

All of us at the end of Exams.

Tom Layman—after boxing match.

Elsie Windsor when Miss McFee comes around.

Armentrout when he went down the Belt Line.

Girls Dorm as a whole.

Bill Pybass when he found the ice in his bed.

Helen Hatcher looking for the Buick.

The other six—when Finch and Reed sit down at Dining Hall table.

Steve's Trig Class.



## College Notes From Science Department

(Continued from Page One)

shipped from New England to Memphis would require 12,000 pounds of ice and 1200 pounds of salt with three or four re-icings bringing the total to 18,000 to 20,000 pounds of ice and 1800 to 2,000 pounds of salt. The same car could be shipped safely with 1200 pounds of Dry Ice. With the use of dry ice there are enormous savings in transportation charges. A five gallon can of ice cream packed and shipped with water ice weighs about 150 pounds. Using light wooden boxes or cartons and Dry Ice the same amount of ice cream could be shipped with a total weight of fifty pounds. Small packages, containing fresh meat, vegetables, cheese, or frozen milk products, can be shipped by parcel post.

Dry ice is a snow-like solid which evaporates without melting at 100 degrees below freezing. When it evaporates it forms a layer of heavy cold gas which protects the solid from rapid disappearance. Different opinions are held as to the danger of handling Dry Ice. Some say that the layer of gas formed protects the skin from injurious effects; while others claim that a form of neuritis may result if Dry Ice remains in contact with the skin for any length of time. Whether or not there is danger in handling Dry Ice there is a peculiar sensation produced when the solid is held in the hand. This sensation is due to the rapid interchange of heat between the hand and the Dry Ice. Remember there is a difference of over 200 degrees in temperature.

Dry Ice is solidified carbon dioxide. You are familiar with carbon dioxide. It is the gas which escapes from soft drinks. It is exhaled from the lungs in respiration. It is one of the exhaust gases from your automobile. It is a product of the burning of all our fuels; whether coal, oil, wood, or gas.

While there are many ways of obtaining carbon dioxide the two chief sources for its manufacture for use as Dry Ice, are the burning of coke and the gas formed during alcoholic fermentation. The gas obtained by one of these methods is cooled and compressed to solid carbon dioxide or Dry Ice. This solid is then shoveled into moulds and pressed into blocks which are approximately 10 x 10 x 10 inches and which weigh about 40 pounds. These blocks of Dry Ice are then wrapped in heavy paper and are ready to be used as a refrigerant in a large number of different ways.

## Have You Heard That:

A variety of watermelon in Africa is very poison?

Mice are often troubled with indigestion?

That bauffalo hide pressed against the scalp caused baldness?

In Artemania there is a specie of elephant only eight inches high?

That Professor Cravens is one of America's foremost operatic composers?

If you have, somebody has been kidding you!

In aviation schools they use parachutes for drop slips.

No matter if he does pour catchup on his shoestring, and tie his spaghetti on, or pour syrup down his back and scratch his pancake, no professor is so absent-minded that he forgets to flunk somebody.

## Spring Term For Teachers

(Continued from Page One)

which yield nine college hours. Of course, it is not required that students room at the Dormitory or board at the Dining Hall.

The courses offered are listed below as they will appear in the college catalogue:

Meetings per Wk. Grades			
Ed. 3s—Language, Spelling, and Writing in the Early			
Elementary Grades	3	1½	
Ed. 9s—Numbers for Early			
Elementary Grades	6	3	
Ed. 19s—Constructive			
Occupations for Early			
Elementary Grades	3	1½	
Ed. 26s—History, Civics			
and Social Science for			
the Upper Elementary			
Grades	6	3	
Eng. 113—English			
Composition	6	3	
Eng. 213—Survey of			
American Literature	6	3	
Hist. 321—Political			
Science	6	3	
Home Ec. 151—Child			
Development	6	3	
Home Ec. 183—Elementary			
Nutrition	6	3	
Home Ec. 253—Child Care	6	3	
Hort. 113—Home			
Gardening	4	2	
Psych. 221—Introduction			
of General Psychology	6	3	

## U. of T Junior College Faculty Biographies

(Continued from Page One)

At the age of twenty-five he was married to Watson Montgomery. Thus, he had a grown family of five to support. When his brother and sisters finished high school, he sent them to college. Then he and his wife entered Middle Tennessee State Teachers College at Murfreesboro. At this time he found out the burden of fathers who have five children in college at one time. In 1920 he finished a four year course at Murfreesboro in Agriculture. In the fall of 1920 he and his wife entered the University of Wisconsin. After three years he graduated with a B. S. and also a M. S. in Agriculture. After graduation he went to Clemson College, South Carolina as assistant professor of Agricultural Education, and was in charge of the practice teaching department. In 1923 he went to Blondenboro, North Carolina, and taught Vocational Agriculture in the county high school. While there he won high place as Vocational Agriculture teacher in the state for two years in succession. He taught there until he came to The University of Tennessee in 1927 as associate professor in Agronomy and Horticulture. He was placed at The University of Tennessee Junior College as director of the Agricultural Department.

Locally, he is a member of the Baptist Church, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, The Rotary Club. He is a Scottish Rite Mason. He is chairman of the Agricultural Committee of the Martin Chamber of Commerce.

## A Short Story of "Ambie"

"I seed you! I seed you! You killed him! And he was my man. . . my man!" The slender colored girl shook her slight form violently as she screamed out her accusations at a young yellowish negro, who stood opposite her.

"I know I killed him. . . he was trying to cheat me, and I don't aim fer no man, not even my brother, to cheat this hyar nigger!" said the man.

"But he was your brother, an' more'n dat he was my man! And he wan't cheatin'," she turned to the crowd of black neighbors gathered around. "You all knows he wan't cheatin'. The mule was as much his'n as yuor'n! He was my man, but his Jedus' now and. . ." she paused as if no words fierce enough could form in her illiterate mind. "Before I'm t'ru wid you, you killer, I'll gib you to the Debble . . . yes, the Debble!"

The girl Ambie, tore at the man, Rube Lassie, her brother-in-law, but was held back by several onlookers. By this time the deputy and the coroner had arrived, taking charge of the dead body and the slayer.

Two years later, Rube returned to this same negro district. Luck and influential whites had secured for him the short term of two years on the plea of killing in self-defense. And he dared to come back and face Ambie!

A fairly handsome, clean-looking negro, he passed slowly onto the street. Here standing on his own doorstep was Ambie! Waiting for him! He hardly knew whether to run to or from her. Too slowly he advanced so she ran out and threw her arms around his neck. "I know'd you'd be back terday, and I've got a good fish supper all hot and waitin' fer you to clamp them ivories on it!" she whispered into his astonished ear.

Not knowing what else to do he hugged and kissed her as if she had been his sweetheart. . . then walked into the house with her. They were together until late when he took her to her own home. Every day was just the same . . . three hot meals and always Ambie coming and petting Rube. No mention was ever made of the dead husband and brother. After the two had been together for several months, Rube asked Ambie to be his wife, and she readily consented. Neighboring negroes gaped at the idea: Ambie's marrying her husband's slayer. But . . . they were married.

Ambie lay there in her new husband's arms, hardly daring to breathe. She could tell that he was asleep by his loud, regular breathing. Slowly, she crept from the bed, drew a long, concealed knife from her bosom and quickly thrust it into the man's bare chest . . . he groaned with agony, writhed and twisted his body to the floor. Ambie watched the figure and laughed aloud, "He through I loved him! Him—who killed my man! Ain't I been wanting to do this fer more'n two years? And now I does it . . . and its so easy! I've got my revenge—the Debble's got him sho'. And he may get me, but anyway Rube's dead!" Ambie slowly crawled to the door, opened it, and went out into the night. As she could see no one, she rose to her feet and began to run down the street . . . believing that she could escape. But her suspicions were right . . . she had to pay . . . she had gotten her revenge but she must pay dearly—with her life. For as she was running as fast as her strong legs could carry her, darting carelessly across streets, as if she were dazed, almost hysterical, a night bus struck her . . . killing her instantly. After all . . . her death just evened things up . . . no one now could get revenge on Ambie . . . Fate had done that! And she? Did she not die happy that her desire for revenge had been satisfied? —P. H.

## The Poor Horse

This is but a feeble fling  
At scintillating wit;  
However hungry a horse may be,  
He cannot eat a bit.

## Uncle Amos Writes A Letter of Spring

Dear nephew:

Everybody's well, except for having what Johnnie's teacher calls the "vernal malady." I ain't never studied medicine much, and so I don't know what all of them big words mean. A feller sufferin' from this ailment, though, shows some funny symptoms. He can eat three square meals a day, and can squeeze about two or three more in between. He can sleep like a log for nine or ten hours a day. He can play marbles, or knock baseballs, or fly kites, for twelve hours a day. But, just let somebody mention work to him, and right then a dozen reasons occur to him why he can't. If it nothing more material than conscience urging him to work, he's pretty apt to smother it down and go fis'in'. And if he just has to work, he'll rest two-thirds of the time. He'll lean on his spade handle, or set down on a bank, and just doze and gaze and study. And when somebody asks him what was he looking at, or what was he studying about, he couldn't tell 'em to save his life. He don't even know himself.

I don't know what causes this disease, unless its the feelin' of spring in the air. Nearly everybody has it, along about this time of year. Some folks keeps it all the year. This is one of the few diseases that Christian Science can cure. To cure it, all you have to do is use a little will-power. A feller can be made immune from it by getting interested in some constructive work.

While I'm talking about it, I might say that this disease, though its fairly harmless in itself, if it don't last too long, sometimes results in serious complications. In the spring, you know, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. And you know what folks says idleness is.

With great concern,

Uncle Amos.

P. S.—Hope you are immune.

## Pep Squad Notes

At the regular election of the Pep Squad officers on February 26, Miss Queenie Dyer was elected Cheer Leader for the Spring Quarter, and Miss Helen Hatcher was selected as Business Manager. Miss Dyer has chosen Miss Elizabeth Tate as her assistant.

Miss Dyer succeeds Miss Marie Wells.

—T—

The Pep Squad has changed the date of its regular bi-monthly meeting from Thursday to Monday, in order to fit the changed schedule. The first meeting under the new leader was held on March 10. Plans were discussed for entertaining the cast of the ill-fated "Adam and Eva" and the more successful "The Brat," and for giving a benefit bridge party. A committee, appointed for the purpose, suggested giving a picture-show party for the casts during the week of March 17-24, and plans for the entertainment are underway.

—T—

The Girls' Pep Squad wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to Stephen-Winsett Furniture Company and Fitts Jewelry Company for their co-operation with the club during our last play, "The Brat."

We also want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Gatlin for the time they spent directing the play, and coaching the individual members of the cast.

Girls Prayer to a Permanent Wave  
—"Long live the kink."

—Princeton.



## County Health Department Presents Educational Picture

The Weakley County Health Department, in response to an invitation extended them by the Three A Club, presented at the regular chapel period last Thursday a program dealing with the venereal diseases. This program consisted of a three reel picture and a lecture by Dr. Riley, of the United States Health Department. This program was presented to the men only, for it dealt with the subject from the masculine view point. It was very interesting and showed some of the bad results that may be obtained from improper conduct.

Dr. Riley has promised us another visit in the near future. Next he proposes to put on a picture for the girls, in which he will give useful health hints together with other valuable information that all adult women should know.

## Doings Of The Physics Class

Despite the loss of many of its energetic members at the beginning of the quarter, the Physics class is moving ahead with steady progress. The Agricultural students were forced to drop the course to take up other subjects. The remaining eight, however, appear as if they want to know more Physics, and seem interested in the new subject, sound. Great results are predicted in the following study of the nature of music, for, according to his own assertions, Dr. Schmidt is very talented in this subject.

In a recent open-house discussion, Physicist Paul White offered argument to refute the well-known and accepted fact that hogs can be called much further early in the morning or late in the afternoon than during the middle of the day. All the country bred boys, however, soon had White convinced that his theory was wrong. The ancient, mother-eaten question of whether the tree falling unheard in the forest produces a sound or not was likewise discussed but not settled.

## Weakley Countians on "Big U. T." Campus

University of Tennessee.

Dear folks:

An editorial entitled, "Junior Vols," appeared in this week's issue of the "Orange and White," our school paper. This article discussed the Junior College in a general way, referring to the new buildings, the courses of studies, the student governing body, etc. The article started this way: "Have you noted orange and white sweaters that have appeared on the campus the last year or two with just enough difference between them and the regular "T" sweaters to make us look twice? All this is visible evidence of our Junior College at Martin, in West Tennessee." The article closed by congratulating the students and faculty of the Junior College for their splendid work.

Some of the former Junior College pupils and Weakley County pupils whose names appeared on the University Honor Roll for the first quarter are: Nell Lett, Greenfield; Frances Rast, Gardner; Mary White, Greenfield, and Lionel Barrett, of Pine Top.

WEAKLEY COUNTY CLUB

Elizabeth Callicott, Scribe.

One freshman liked agriculture, so he entered the school of pharmacy.

## FROM THE OLD FAMILY ALBUM

WHEN MR. CLAXTON PLAYED AT HALF



DR. POWELL, A COLLEGE STUDENT



MISS CARL GOES FOR AN AUTO RIDE



MISS McFEE GOES GOLFING



MR. CRAVENS WHEN HE MARRIED



MR. WOODS TAKES A LITTLE SPIN



## General Pact For The Renunciation of War

Signed at Paris, August 17, 1928—  
Proclaimed a Binding Agreement  
at Washington, July 24, 1929

The President of the German Reich, the President of the United States of America, His Majesty the King of the Belgians, the President of the French Republic, His Majesty the King of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominion beyond the Seas, Emperor of India, His Majesty the King of Italy, His Majesty the Emperor of Japan, the President of the Republic of Poland, the President of the Czechoslovak Republic,

Persuaded that the time has come when a frank renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy should be made . . . . Convinced that all changes in their relations with one another should be sought only by pacific means . . . . Hopeful that, encouraged by their example, all the other nations of the world will join

in this humane endeavor . . . Have decided to conclude a Treaty . . . .

### Article 1

The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another,

### Article 2

The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatsoever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.

## A Moral

Lives of football men remind us That we, too, can push and tug; And, departing, leave behind us Hoof-prints on another mug.

—Mugwump.

Where Noah sailed the waters blue  
He had his troubles, same as you;  
For forty days he drove the Ark  
Before he found a place to park.

—Mugwump.

— T —

Prof. (taking up quiz paper): "Why quotation marks on this paper?"  
Frosh: "Courtesy to the man on my right, Prof."—Mugwump.

— T —

I CALL HER MY AUTOMOBILE  
GIRL BECAUSE—

She's great in the clutch.  
She's a swell paint job.  
She's easy to pick up.

—Idaho Blue Bucket

— T —

He thought he'd make a hit  
When for his photograph she prayed;  
"Out when this calls," she wrote on it,  
And gave it to the maid

—The Bison.

— T —

She: "What do you mean by telling me that the dates you had with me were like a string of pearls?"

He: "Neckless, dearie, neckless!"

—Dodo.